Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1914 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A HYMN PRAYER FOR PEACE

(Tune, America.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land from all wars now free,
Of thee I sing.
Praise God for thy blest state.
God keep inviolate
Our freedom from all hate,
And more love give!

For countries now at strife,
Where millions lay down life
At war's dread word,
O God, we plead with Thee,
Their God and Father be;
Them from this war set free;
God stay the sword!

To wounded, dead and lost,
To all who pay the cost
Of war's foul greed;
To women left at home,
To those who walk alone,
To babes whose woes atone,
Do Thou give heed!

Hear Thou their cry and tears,
And quiet all their fears
By bringing peace!
Lift up the fallen, God,
The dead from out the sod,
The broken 'neath Thy rod,
Their woe make cease!

Today, we plead with Thee,
At once set nations free
From war's fell scourge!
Thou wilt the nations lead
Chastised they can but heed
The call of Christ's own creed
Their sins to purge!

God grant to all men peace!
Let strife and discord cease!
This grant today!
Thy name we praise in tears,
Before Thee filled with fears.
Forgive, O God, past years:
Give peace, we pray!

—Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 83
Three Notable Books 85
THE PULPIT—
Clouds—An After-Vacation Sermon.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 86
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Lesson XXVIII. II. Esdras or IV. Ezra 90
THE STUDY TABLE—
Bergson's Great Contribution to Religion.—A. R. Vail 91
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Ridgely Torrence* 93
A Homesick Boy.—*Wilbur D. Nesbit* 93
Pronouncing English.—*Youth's Companion* 93
A Vagabond Song.—*Bliss Carman* 93
POETRY—
A Hymn Prayer for Peace.—Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague 81
The War in Europe.—*Amos R. Wells* 83
What the Rocks Said to Me.—*John H. Johnston* 86
The Poet—Alonzo L. Rice 91
If!—*Bartholemew F. Griffen* 92
THE FIELD—
Neutrality in the Humanities.—Chas. W. Wendte. 94
Buy Guns for Sunday School.—Albert Scheiblel 94
The Two Germanys and the War.—*American Review of Reviews* 94
Prohibition Work in Scandinavia 95

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

FOR Ice Cream
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue,
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
COLLEGE COURSES lead to Bachelors' Degrees.
HOME ECONOMICS Training Course for Teachers.
SEMINARY admits to Eastern and Western Colleges.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Piano, Voice, Violin, New Two-Manual Organ.
ART, ELOCUTION, ATHLETICS. Location combines advantages of city and country. For information specify College or Seminary catalogue. MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

WANTED
To purchase from a congregation that has discarded them, copies of the booklet, "Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles," issued by Unity Publishing House, Chicago.
Write, stating terms, to B. PICKMAN MANN, 1918 Sunderland Place, Washington, D. C.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914. Number 6

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

This—after nineteen centuries of Christ!
Only the primal instincts, bad and good,
The primal heart that primal hate sufficed,
And not the hero-heart of brotherhood.

We murder men in vast and modern ways;
We cram with death the water, earth and air;
But still we flounder in primal haze,
And still our fort is but the caveman's lair.

We say that God is Love—and worship Might,
We flatter Reason—then we spit on her.
Praising the day, we turn to blackest night,
And build our highway to a sepulchre.

We prate of Law, but, lawless-hearted still,
We get our justice through the widow's moan.
We prate of Mind, and yet our vaunted will
Achieves its way by brutal force alone.

We boast of Progress: hear the orphan's cry,
The wails of mother, sister, lover, wife!
Full nineteen centuries, and still men die
In antique orgies of archaic strife.

The Better Way—how well, how well we know—
That parts forever from the horrid past.
O brothers, join to end the ancient woe,
And let this worst of warfare be the last!

—*Amos R. Wells.*

The Congregationalist and Christian World.

"Through Europe on the Eve of War; A Record of Personal Experiences, Including an Account of the First World Conference of the Churches for International Peace." Under this caption in a book of one hundred and fifty pages, Frederick Lynch, D. D., Secretary of the Church Peace Union, tells of the stirring experiences of himself and comrades who went to Constance to hold a conference in the interest of peace, but they gathered there just in time to have their plans rudely snapped by the mobilization of armies, and they esaped with difficulty on the crest of martial movements. The story is graphically told and ought to be widely read. Ten thousand copies are being distributed and are to be had for the asking until the supply is exhausted. Send your request to the Church Peace Union, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

F. C. Clendenen, Superintendent of Schools for the city of Cairo, Illinois, calls in the October number of the *School News* for more peaceful histories. He justly claims that "peace and the personality of peacemakers should have at least equal prominence with war and warriors." In the absence of adequate text books on these lines he calls upon teachers to supply the information concerning men who have made railroads, conquered the mines, the forests and the deserts. Surely Howe, McCormick, Bell and Edison, the names listed, have stories that are thrilling, and interest-compelling to the minds of school children and still more ennobling are the stories of the great singers and artists, the poets and the seers,—Isaiah, Savonarola, Buddha, Socrates and Jesus, Mohammed and Confucius, Spinoza and Tolstoy, Ruskin and Walt Whitman. How are we to feed hungry children with this life-sustaining food?

"Thirty-five thousand Jewish soldiers in the Russian army," is the report. They are fighting for "holy Russia." There are fourteen million Jews in the world, according to a writer in the *Chicago Tribune* quoted in *The Reform Advocate,* without a country to fight for and still shedding their blood on battlefields where geographical lines are contended for. Has expatriation been such a calamity as it seems? Wherever the heavy hand of geographical pride, race prejudice and national presumption have given the Jew a chance he has done well. He has kept pace in intellectual power, leadership in trade, science, art, even in statecraft, with the biggest and fattest of nationalities. What the Jew needs most is not a teritory, a geographical space, but a free chance and a fair show in all territories. He has proved his ability to win a citizenship under any flag and to pay the price thereof in money and blood, with time and with talent.

Our Dumb Animals for October tells of the Jerusalem Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, one of whose inspectors is a Jew while the others are Mohammedans. Three of the committee are Episcopalians, one a German Lutheran, and the secretary is of the Greek orthodox church. Recently a Band of Mercy, in connection with a Jerusalem school for girls, embroidered a beautiful testimonial to Dr. Sinto Joseph, the veterinary surgeon who for the last nine years has rendered his services to the society. The testimonial was in Hebrew, gold thread embroidered upon white velvet. The inscription read:

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul.
Proverbs XI: 17
Souvenir of gratitude from the
S P C A
1909 JERUSALEM 1914

This is a synthesis of religion worth while. This is a suggestion for the federation of churches. The

service of love, the ministry of gentleness is uniting. The quest of selfishness and the ministry of hate and ambition is divisive.

Our neighbor *The Reform Advocate* strikes home with force the central atrocity of this war in the note which we quote below. The universality of human brotherhood is proven by the weaknesses and wickednesses of war as well as by the strengths and nobilities of science and religion. Stronger than theological ties or racial traditions are the inspirations of narrowness and selfishness, local pride and national prejudices, and when the demon inspirations of war sweep across the human continents all these lines and ties are forgotten. But so, also, Heaven be thanked, are the inspirations of science and art, of literature and religion. The distinctive lines between Jew and Protestant, Christian and Pagan, disappear in the presence of noble architecture, high music, great dramas, far-seeing statesmanship and line-destroying tenderness. On the table-lands of the spirit there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Christian or barbarism. They are simply human, testifying to and rejoicing in the human unity.

Much good printer's ink has been wasted, and we imagine will be wasted, on the matters of the Jew in the armies of battling Europe. Every now and then an editor who holds a brief for Zionism will break out into heartrending wail about the Jew in the ranks of the British army who must fight Jew in the German army. Still more of the touching will he employ when he speaks of the Jew who must fight for Russia. It is rather difficult to see that the position of the Jew is more pathetic than the position of the common unclassified man. The most miserable thing in all this war is not that the Jew is fighting Jew, or Catholic fighting Catholic, but that man is fighting man. Let us hope that jingoes of all nations have had their fill of human blood. Civilization laboriously built up is crumbling. Men who were the finest examples of a nation's progress, in the arts, in the sciences, in the professions, are being made food for the cannon. The Jewish question is really very minor and incidental.

Chicago is a responsive city to public appeals and civic demonstrations. The writer, during his thirty-five years of residence in this city, has witnessed many impressive demonstrations of public sentiment, in most of which, in one way or another, he has taken part. But in all these years Chicago never expressed itself more impressively than last Sunday in response to the President's call to prayer. In addition to the universal respect of the call in the churches during the morning, came a mighty demonstration in the afternoon. The great Auditorium was filled as it is seldom filled by the greatest of attractions. Every seat from the lowest floor to the highest gallery was occupied long before the hour announced for the beginning. The doors were closed and the great tide poured out to Grant Park, where permission had been secured to hold an overflow meeting. The speakers in one place passed out to speak to the other audience. The speaking was introduced by Governor Dunne, a Catholic; he was followed by Bishop Anderson, an Episcopalian; the outdoor meeting was presided over by a denominational nondescript, the editor of UNITY; the opening prayer was by a Presbyterian and the closing one by a Jew. These names inadequately represent the cosmopolitan character of the audiences, which were pan-racial, pan-national and pan-sectarian. It was a demonstration of universal religion both in its sympathies and in its hopes. It was a thoughtful company. In a devout sense it was a religious, prayerful throng. The many thousands stood closely packed for two hours and a half without noise, without commotion, oftentimes touched with profound emotion. It was a demonstration of internationalism that in itself refuted the assumed antagonism between races and creeds. There Slav and German, Anglo-Saxon, Celt and Gaul, forgot their differences. It was indeed a corporate prayer, a communal longing that has left a lasting impression upon all those who came within the sphere of its influence.

Miss Jane Addams, in her addresses at the Auditorium and before the greater audience in the nobler auditorium of Grant Park last Sunday, took an effective lesson from the American cartoonists who throughout the entire period of this distressing war have never put pencil to paper for the purpose of magnifying the glory or exaggerating the glamor of war, but without exception have applied their talent in the interest of peace and pacific judgments. They have portrayed the pathos, the waste and wickedness of war. The same thing is notable in the journalism of today. The editorials of the great metropolitan "dailies" have all been devoted to the condemnation of war and the advocacy of international arbitration and the disarmament that belongs thereto. That the religious weeklies are characterized with similar sanity should be less noteworthy, but it is none the less commendable. Every paper teems with reflections, appeals and professions that not only deplore but rebuke the warlike spirit. *The Christian Work* for October 3d lies before us, a commendable special number wholly devoted to the subject: "The Churches and World Peace." The contributors are all men of international fame: Ex-President Eliot of Harvard, President Jordan of Leland Stanford, Rev. John Clifford of London, Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, and others. In view of this absorbing pre-occupation of the serious mind, UNITY has no apology to offer for the perhaps over-burdened, we will not say exaggerated, attention given to this problem in these columns. All other religious and ethical problems pale in the presence of this one issue. Politicians on the eve of election may for the time being push other interests and considerations to the front, but the ultimate test which ought to guide every voter at the polls, par-

ticularly when it comes to the election of the railroad-making forces in the nation, should be the attitude of the candidate upon the problem of armament. Let those who believe in peace express themselves at the most opportune time and in the most effective way at the polls. No man who believes in battleships and who is pledged to the multiplication of dreadnaughts should be sent to the Congress of the United States. Every consistent pacificist will go to the polls with this thought and purpose foremost.

A Report of the Twentieth Annual Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, held last May, is before us. It is an attractive pamphlet of two hundred thirty-five pages. As usual it is a treasury of thought and facts in the interest of peace. Those taking part might be said to have "spoken with authority," for they have long been recognized as students of these great problems. There is something gruesome in the appearance of this report at this time. For twenty years this beautiful mountain fastness, through the hospitality of the Smiley brothers, has welcomed the messengers of peace who have apparently justified their faith in the near approach of the time when the blood arbitrament of the sword would be supplanted by competent courts of law as a means of settling national disputes. Have these meetings been in vain? Have these men "reckoned without their host?" Have the noble Quaker brothers encouraged a delusion all these years? We turn the pages of this report with the old thrill, with the unbroken faith in the principles here promulgated and believe more than ever that the unparalleled war devastating Europe is an unexpected demonstration of the need and legitimacy of the contentions of the Mohonk Conference. The one point at which the discussions at these conferences have halted was the point of armament, "armed preparedness" as a means of securing peace among nations. At these meetings there has always been a small proportion of military men. The army and navy have had their hearing and their advocates. Always there have been those at these meetings who were ready to plead for a "strong government," one that could "enforce" the conditions of peace. Whatever the final contribution of this war may be, it would seem that we need not wait for the end to discover a horrible, practical refutation of the plausible theory that "might is necessary to enforce the right." For fifty years a competitive race for more effective cannon, more terrible dreadnaughts, more idle men groomed for war in standing armies, has gone on, and lo, to the surprise and it must be to the confusion of kings and generals, they who have so skillfully sown the wind are now called upon to reap the whirlwind. One thing at least is clear: The doctrine of "In times of peace prepare for war" has been proved to be a hellish delusion, a marplot in the pacification of the world. It is an indignity to philosophy and religion. It is a libel on the gospel of peace.

Three Notable Books

Within one week, almost within one day, three most magnificent books reached our editorial table, namely: "From Alien to Citizen, or The Story of My Life in America" (Revell) by Edward A. Steiner; "A Far Journey" (Houghton-Mifflin), by Abraham M. Ribahny, and "Children in Bondage" (H. T. L. Co.), by Edward Markham, B. Lindsey and George Creel.

The simultaneous appearance of these books is of profound significance to the student of current politics and of civic problems. Each of these books has an individuality all its own and a message of its own, but all three taken together form a trilogy on the vital questions of immigration and the problems of the new citizenship. It is our purpose to give editorial space to each one of these books in succession. This week we confine ourselves to the delightful task of confessing our indebtedness to the first of the books mentioned.

What a story is this of Mr. Steiner, a man who is still young but whose life is long enough to reach through all the zones of industrial, racial and religious experiences comprehended by the inclusive, mystical title, "The United States of America!"

Geographically the story reaches from eastern Europe to an Iowa college; religiously it stretches from a dogmatic and conservative medieval Judaism to a liberal, sociological form of Christianity; industrially the hero has passed through the experiences of "tramp," prisoner, toiler, professor, lecturer of national fame and traveler of international experience. Mr. Steiner has known the inside of the saloon, of immigrants' barracks and Y. M. C. A. hospitalities. He has been one of the Pittsburg iron workers, one of the Connellsville coal miners and one of the South Bend plow makers. He has also been one of the Bohemian workers in Chicago. He has tramped and sweated and hungered in the harvest fields of Minnesota. He has studied at Oberlin, been a successful pastor in Minnesota, voluntarily choosing the "down-town parish" where things were hard and his parishioners poor, to the "up-town parish" where things were easy, and his people prosperous and fashionable; and in later years he has been the successful teacher of sociology in Grinnell College, Iowa.

It is a marvelous tale. Had the story in its plain unvarnished realism been embodied in a work of art, it would have been promptly characterized as an ideal one that could never be realized in actual life. The author would have been accused of creating a com-

posite character, taking snatches out of many lives, as is the right of a novelist, in order to construct a hero.

This is a mountainous story pregnant with meaning. It is a personal comment upon the motto which Kansas carries upon its shield: *Ad astra per espera*—through difficulties to the stars. The marvel of it all is, aye, the joy of it is that this much-tried and terribly strained body and more strained mind are still vigorous, virile, persuasive, compelling. He still is a missionary of "The Church of the Fragments," the fictitious name by which he came to know his constituency.

Professor Steiner is now one of the much-sought-for lecturers. He is welcomed to any pulpit or platform in America and he insists that he is not an exceptional phenomenon, a freak, but rather a type of the many who pass "from alien to citizen."

Let this book be read by the bumptious "Sons of Veterans" and high stepping dames who affect a superior patriotism because they are "Daughters of the Revolution," that they may humbly learn the superficiality of ancestral honors and inherited patriotism.

Let those who are scared over the "scum of Europe" that threatens us, study this typical atom dipped from eastern Europe and a child of a despised and cruelly maligned race. Let the native born, proud of his short "Yankee" descent read this book and calculate anew his place in the movements of today and his proper position among the citizens of the United States.

WHAT THE ROCKS SAID TO ME

(*Crossing the Wahsatch Range of the Rocky Mountains in* 1876.)

I have read the stories of the ages past,
But the gathered treasures and wisdom of them all,
Seem like a tale that is told, a dream of the night,
Compared with that which the mighty rocks have this day said to me.

From every lofty height,
From every ragged, cloud-like peak,
From every mountain fastness,
The spirit of the rocks came forth and preached to me.
It said, "Oh man! I am the Life of Life.
Ages before the Chaldean poets sang,
Ages before the mighty Pyramids were reared,
Before the first raindrop ever fell,
Yea, before the first ray from yonder sun had forced its way to me,
I was!
The life that was, that is, that shall be, is mine and shall be thine,
And ages hence the form you proudly wear,
May speak to me as now I speak to thee.
The Seers of all the ages have come to me for light,
And what thou find'st in me, find henceforth forever in thyself.
The Christ.
The Christ that before Abraham was,
The ever living, never dying Christ,
Find thou within thyself.
The storms of life may rage,
But with this consciousness in thy heart of hearts,
My Peace eternal shall be thine."

—*John H. Johnston.*

CLOUDS

An After-Vacation Sermon

Preached by

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

ALL SOULS CHURCH, SEPT. 27, 1914.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. A. L. KELLY

TEXT: *"O, ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him forever!"*
—*From the "Songs of the Child."*

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him, but righteousness and justice are the foundations of His throne." —*Psalm XLVII.*

Prayer.

Fill our hearts with gladness this morning, Thou Spirit of Sunshine. Touch our souls with courage, O Thou Eternal Source of Power. Father, warm us with a loving yearning toward our kind. But still more may we find Thee under and through the clouds of adversity that overhang us; in the strain and stress of life that besets us; in the accumulated cruelties of men that so belie Thee.

Father, help us to reach the light beyond the darkness, to rest in the sunshine that lies behind all shadows. Help us to feel Thy presence in the flowers that bloom in unseen places, in the rivulets that trickle to enrich the ocean from unknown sources. Help us, Father, to feel Thy love and Thy law pleading to us in the cries of the orphans, the groans of the widows and the agony of the dying.

Fther, crown us this morning with a high commission; shame us into earnestness. Help us, Father, to forget the things that divide, that weaken, that exhaust for no good end, that we may better concentrate our powers on those things that abide. We would become worthy members of the forward moving bodyguard of truth and love, pledged to use the weapons of gentleness, to win by patience and by love.

Thus will Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen.

SERMON.

For many years clouds have invited from me an after-vacation sermon. Clouds have mothered me on my ledge on Tower Hill. There the clouds have sheltered me from the glaring, blazing suns of mid-summer. Clouds have enabled my finite eye to measure somewhat more adequately the depths of the immensity above.

Clouds have ever charmed the poet and baffled the artist. E. R. Sill, in his "Rhapsody on Clouds," says there are two landscapes, the upper landscape being reserved for birds and poets. He advises every one to carry with him in his pocket a smoked glass that he may the more comfortably study the marvels of the upper landscape. The poet Gray was wont to carry with him a lens, that it might reflect to his human eye the passing glory above. One may ride with the poets on these ever-many, ever-changing aeroplanes of nature, from Homer to Browning. Clouds have ever had their revealing power and their appealing influence.

But noble as are the inspirations of the poet, splendid as have been the achievements of artists, the plain, hard, sober realities of science give to clouds a meaning which the poets have never reached. Indeed the higher reaches of the poets have been achieved in proportion as they have been respectful to the facts in the case. On the airy wings of clouds Shelley reached the highlands of his genius. His poem, "The Cloud," disputes with "The Skylark" and "The Sen-

sitive Plant" pre-eminence in the lyric poetry of the English language. And the power of Shelley's poem lies in the fact that he kept so close to the scientific truths involved. That marvelous poem, which I hope you will all read once more before night comes, is as good science as it is poetry, for

The nursling of the sky is the daughter of Earth and Water.

And every cloud has passed through "the pores of the ocean and the shores." It is true that "out of the caverns of rain, it rises again." The clouds do bring "fresh showers that bless the flowers," they do "sift the snow on the mountains below" and the "volcanoes are dim and the stars reel and swim when the whirlwinds their banners unfurl."

Ruskin, who studied clouds as perhaps no man ever did before or after, tells us that he had to stop in his study of clouds in art until he had further acquainted himself with the science involved, and so page after page of his "Modern Painters" is given to the criticism of the clouds as found on the canvas of the master artists who were so often untrue to facts. The artist had failed to study the realties ever in sight and which lead us ever upward.

Clouds have as permanent a place in theology as in art and literature. The Bible is full of clouds. Moses received the tablets on Sinai enveloped in clouds, a cloud descended and overlaid the Carpenter's Son on his baptismal morning, and a voice from the clouds proclaimed: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." The Greek gods rested on clouds. Theologians have found in the forked lightning and the awesome thunder the most vivid revelation of an angered god seeking to punish his wayward children.

And so, aided by the interpretations of the laboratory, and the forecasts of the weather bureau, we may begin to catch a meaning and a significance in the clouds that no poet unaided can reach and no artist unobserving can see or portray. Tyndall's "Forms of Water" is a poem with a quickening power that stirs the imagination more effectively than Shelley's masterpiece. Inviting as is the lure of the airy fairy clouds of a summer day, the cloud reaches its maximum power in the gruesome, awesome movement of the storm. When the sunshine falls, when the landscape dims, when birds seek their shelter, the cows cease their grazing and men fly to the frail protections erected by their own hands which they well realize are inadequate to stay the terror that plays in the portentous clouds about them; then does the majesty of the double landscape become most impressive.

This morning any clouds that would gather underneath the dome of nature's blue are overlaid, supplanted by those other terrible storm clouds in human nature, those devastating visitations of flashing lightning and rolling thunder that come with a midsummer unexpectedness and overcast what seemed to be the sunny skies of the twentieth century civilization, with portentous manifestations of barbaric fury. They carry a more tigerlike thirst for blood, a malicious reaching out for life and all its sweet amenities than the thunderstorms of nature. Europe is today o'ercast with an unparalleled human thunderstorm. Not homes alone, but nations, are riven with the forked lightning that is devastating the sanctities of the fireside, the shrines of faith and the laws of society. Religion and society are alike outraged. All the established principles of statecraft and ethics, the conclusions of science and philosophy, the achievements of art and the promises of the prophets, are being negatived this morning by this wild thunderstorm of war.

The time has not come for any human mind to interpret this European storm-cloud, to attempt to reach its true meaning, still less to fortell its end. But a few things we are sure of, and of these few things let me speak in my attempt to gather an after-vacation sermon from this awful storm-cloud that is today overshadowing the civilization of the twentieth century.

First, let us remember that it is a cloud, conditioned as clouds are conditioned, and it must be studied as clouds are studied. The most obvious attribute of a cloud is its transitoriness. It is the ever-shifting quality of this landscape of the cloud that baffles the artist and inspires the poet. Clouds are forever moving, forever changing, forever passing. The substance which enters into the cloud is permanent: the essence stays, but the central fact of the cloud is that it is always moving, ever going. And so with this thunderstorm in the civilization of the twentieth century; it had a beginning and will have an ending. It came, it is passing, but the problems of life involved in it abide with us forever.

Another thing it is safe to assert. Clouds always testify to a sun that shines behind them; clouds testify not to darkness, but to light. Clouds ever reveal to the thinking mind what the eye fails to discern, a potent sun behind it. The sun is the central light of that starry heaven that challenged the admiration of Emanuel Kant, Germany's greatest son, whose tomb is perhaps at this very hour being bombarded by the riotous cannons of Russia. A sun then shines and works continuously behind and through all clouds.

Last in my list of confident assertions concerning all cloud realities, the human mind bows in humble ignorance and confesses its incapacity to measure it or to predict its movements; still we know that it is law-environed, subject to the endless and changeless order of the universe. The cloud is but a passing link in that never ending chain of being which, from the time when the morning stars first sang together for joy to the end that never comes, has moved steadily, surely forward to a realization of something better further on and higher up.

There is a permanency back of the blackest clouds that wears a hopeful aspect in this hour of awful terror. This war is a whirlwind and must be studied as whirlwinds are studied. In this whirlwind we are harvesting the winds that have been deliberately, persistently and efficiently sown and nurtured through the last half century by all the armor-making, battleship-building, soldier-drilling powers of the world. In our country, may God forgive us, as well as the now fighting nations on the European battle lines, this fell sowing has been pursued.

The ultimatum was a thing of forty-eight hours. The imperial demands came so unexpectedly that they carried away the breath of emperors and kings as well as that of peasants and subjects; but it came in obedience to that long, careful engineering which has been going on for half a century under the misguided hope that in developing the weapons of violence to their uttermost limits they were evading the horrors of war. By thus increasing the efficiency of the human

fang, the horn and the hoof, they builded more terribly than they thought; they contributed to ends more tragical than they dreamed of. Eventually we will see that this devastating storm was brought about not by divine imagination, but by human disloyalty. Men have been traitors to the laws of life. If empires can be taught in no other way, if crowns can be ground into powder in no other fashion, if kingdoms can be dismantled in no gentler way, then this Lear of Europe may well exclaim with the Lear of Shakespear's drama:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!
. . . . . Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despis'd old man!—
. . . . . No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

The ungrateful daughters of this European Lear have been the lust of gold and power on the one hand, and the trust in physical force on the other—disloyalties, infidelities, inhumanities, enough to uncrown the Lear of twentieth century civilization.

Empires will remain, but emperors will go. Peoples will be honored but kings will be dishonored. Law will establish itself, but crowns must go. It is the steady concentration of statesmanship on the fell lines of the brute that is devastating the fairest and the best in the Europe of today. It is the mad confidence of the bull trusting in his horns even though the thundering locomotive on its iron railway bears down upon him, that is being practiced in Europe today. The armaments that we have voted for, hurrahed for so lustily and paid for so willingly in the name of peace, are the horns of a bull that has challenged a locomotive, that moves along with power of science, the potency of art, the fair and rich domination of commerce, the peace-loving triumphs of agriculture. These are the permanent forces of progress. In this transitory cloud are gathered the malign forces, the misguided daughters of Lear. They have let loose their terrors upon Europe. But the people are at peace with each other. Visitors to Germany, England and France testify to the marvelous coolness, the calmness, the deliberation on the part of the people of these countries. We read that the German people go on their ways undisturbed and we are told of the tranquil quality of the English communities. Well may the people feel just this way, for they have no cause to stir their wrath, there was nothing to arouse their mutual hatred. The people realize a kinship that spans the English Channel. The English people know they were Teutons before they were Saxons and they will not allow themselves to be disfranchised from their blessed inheritance of a Goethe, a Humboldt, a Lessing, a Schiller or any of the great thought masters of the twentieth century.

But this accursed policy of "armed peace," this wild delusion of "preparedness for war as a peace measure" has betrayed the kings. Probably less than fifty people are responsible for all this devilish manifestations of misguided science and mistaken statesmanship. In the last analysis the number will be greatly reduced. I hold three blood cousins, two of them first cousins and one but little removed, all of whom once played around the knees of the pacific Victoria, responsible for the awful holocaust. However insignificant the English crown may be, no war can be begun without its consent though it may be worn by an incompetent. However entangled the Kaiser may be by a web of his own weaving, it is within his power by the strokke of his pen to hold still in leash those dogs of war which he has trained so piously. I use the word "pious" advisedly, for I deem the heart of the Kaiser to be devout. His is a man-loving and God-fearing soul, but because he misread the facts of science and failed to analyze the fundamental verities of human society, because he neglected to take counsel of the teachers of the twentieth century, he has helped to bring about this recrudescence of barbarism. He is one of the three most responsible for this awful catastrophe.

But friends, the war will end. Will it end in the triumph of monarchy or the triumph of democracy? My sympathies go out most keenly to the conquering power in this war, whichever power that may be. Someone said there was nothing sadder than a triumph in war except a defeat. I reverse the order; I say *nothing* can be sadder in the twentieth century of the Christian era than a triumph in war. Blessed are they who will go to the house of mourning. Woe to him who comes out garlanded with the triumphs of the battlefield, carrying the captured banners of a fallen foe. Be it Germany, France, England or Russia, let them pray to be delivered from the calamities that sooner or later overtake all conquerors. More surely now than fifty years ago the conquered, whoever he may be, will take a new lease on life and that will happen which happened when the conquered and humiliated French people of 1870 in less than twenty-five years were lending money to their conquerors. They profited by the discipline of the war; Germany was maddened by its triumphs. It is better for a nation, as it is for individuals, to go to a house of mourning than to a place of feasting.

Let us then take home this lesson, profit by the perspective which the democracy of the United States gives us, in which to study this ominous war cloud, surcharged with lightning, full of terror-invoking thunder.

Ruskin tells how after many days of clouds at last there came a sun-clear day in London with the spotless blue above, across which floated marvelous mountains of sunlit cumuli. He studied these clouds from London Bridge over and beyond the Victoria Pillar, and he noted how small and insignificant that pillar seemed. It was, he said, like studying Mont Blanc from behind a lamp-post. So small is the foreground of human history, battle-stained and storm-ridden, measured against the infinite deeps of unmeasured skies!

Tolstoy, in that marvelous book which I have been re-reading, and which I wish everybody might read now, "War and Peace," tells how one of his heroes, Andrei Bolkonsky, worshiped Napoleon, the splendid enemy against whom he was being marshalled. Napoleon was his ideal man, and in the early part of

the campaign he looked up to that ideal with ambition, with worshipful admiration; Napoleon the unconquered, the mighty power that moulded empires. But there came a time when, on the bloody battlefield, Andrei received an awful wound and was left weltering in his gore. Consciousness slipped away; he knew not how many nights and days had passed when he awoke with his face turned upward and looked into the measureless blue, the infinite sky above him. For the first time in his life his soul was touched with a sense of infinity, and all his life was re-arranged with a different perspective. After a while he heard the approach of horsemen who were talking French. A general with his two aids stopped and dismounted and the leader commented on the beautiful enemy lying there and the young man looked up and saw it was Napoleon. Oh, how small and mean and insignificant did he seem now! How petty was this hero of battlefields measured against the great sky above, and forever after he was to Andrei a minim, a dwarf of humanity. He had been measured against the sky and his true proportions discovered.

Back of Tolstoy's genius, Aeschylus in his great "Prometheus Bound" shows the great lover of man, he who had awakened blind hopes in the soul of the human, he who had brought fire to the shivering children of earth, chained to the rocks looking up unto the "Divine Ether" above him, and though the gods insulted him, though the hierarchy of Olympus tried to humiliate him, he cheerfully accepted his chains, defied his persecutors, because he was comforted by these "forces of nature," as we would call them.

When I came back here a year ago I had a story to tell you about the harnessing of the Wisconsin River and that greater harnessing of the Mississippi at Keokuk. I had been to see the Prairie du Sac dam in the process of construction. This year I went there again. Already two of the eight units were harnessed and at work. Through the courtesy of the superintendent we were permitted to enter into the very holy of holies of that mighty potency. Down below there was the sound of rolling waters, workmen were at work mounting mighty timbers and placing heavy iron gates, all of which was to a degree comprehensible. On the lower floor we could see one of the wheels already at work representing a power equal to three thousand horses. The possibilities of that dam when all the eight wheels are working will be twenty-four thousand horse power.

As we climbed the turmoil ceased and when we reached the fourth floor all was quiet, apparently idle, there was little to be seen and nothing to be heard. Here and there was seen a polished disk of no significance to any of our senses, excepting the eye. But we were told to be careful not to touch anything, to keep as near the center of the floor as possible. Here is where the electricity had reached its highest potency; here is where it was ready to be distributed to its varied tasks. While we stood there, awestricken, subdued, quiet, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, there gradually stole in upon our enlightened intelligence a sense of marvelous power, mystic potency, for out of the very room at that very time went forth a potency that was moving the street cars of Milwaukee one hundred and forty miles away. A few hours later, from that room would go forth an energy that would turn night into day, lighting the streets of half a dozen or more Wisconsin cities. All along the lines light would blaze, homes would be warmed and a thousand mystic things would be born out of that upper chamber where only unseen forces were.

Measure your big cannon, oh you purse-proud empires, you bayonet-thrusting fighters of Europe. But let not the kettle call the pot black. Let no patriotism or pride of descent blind us to the accursed crimes perpetuated by and in the name of the "Powers" of Europe. Let us remember that we, too, are joint sinners with them, for even we, in our isolation and remoteness, we in our boasted democracy, have been tagging along, selfishly and cowardly in this accursed competitive race for armament, in the wasteful struggle for the multiplication of battleships, as if our destiny was tied to cannons and our mission eventually to be interpreted by bayonets.

We Americans have not yet begun to adequately read the lesson of this thunder cloud; we still are trying to dodge the lightning, and, worse than that, we are afraid of thunder, all unmindful of that upper chamber in the power house of democracy where unseen and unheard and beyond the comprehension of our poor, untrained minds goes forth the energy that is making for the cilivilzation of the twenty-fifth century when there will be no empires, but republics where there will be no crowns, but votes. We are not to discount legislation, but to magnify and glorify it. We are not to distrust the power of thought, but to note the impotency of the gun. Civilization has reached the end of horns and fangs and claws and hoofs; the philosophy of might is breaking down; the warrior is a hated and hateful creature to history, and always has been. And this is becoming more and more apparent as we learn to read the pages of history aright. We are just now beginning to get it right on the school books, to teach our children to think more of Socrates than Alexander, to love Xenophon's Memorobalia more than his Anabasis. The story of the "going" up of ten thousand warriors as written by Xenophon is giving away to the equally elegant Greek of the same author—that tells of the triumphs of the man who drank the hemlock, who has outlived, outreached and outranked the conqueror of the world, Alexander. I say the warrior is a hateful creature in history. It is time the legislators, the philosophers have their innings.

Let religion be heard. Let the gospel of the Man of Nazareth and the teaching of the gentle Buddha, the precepts of the wise Confucius, the dictum of the justice-loving Zoroaster, and the power of the lawgiving Moses have a chance.

It is for the purpose of giving these abilities a chance that we come together after vacation for another year of high work in and for All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Clouds are transitory. The sun shines behind. Clouds have a passing function to fill, but the permanent, the lasting forces that move the dynamos of civilization are at work. Let us believe in them, let us direct and help them.

Strengthen anew, Father, our faith in the unseen. Dedicate us anew to the powers of love. Arm us afresh, O Father, with the weapons of gentleness that are unconquerable. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK
In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXVIII.
II. Esdras or IV. Ezra

TEXT: *Keep thy sorrow to thyself and bear with good courage the adversities that have befallen thee.*
Chapter x:15.

Keep thy sorrow within, and bear gallantly the misfortunes that have befallen thee.
(Prof. Charles edition.)

In II Esdras we have a companion piece, a rival to the Apocalypse of Baruch. Scholars find it difficult to decide which is earlier. They are so alike in many respects that one cannot escape the suspicion that somehow they were both cast into the same mould. Professor Charles calls it IV Esdras, or the more consistent spelling, Ezra. Ezra being the Hebrew and Esdras the Latin form of the Greek Esdros. So now we have four Ezras; first, the one in the Old Testament; second, the book which our English version calls Nehemiah; third, the book which we have studied as I Esdras; and fourth, Ezra, or II Esdras, as in the standard Apocrypha.

Ezra is another figure about which has gathered a literature. Enoch and Baruch are centers of literature, just as King Arthur is the center of a cycle of legends and poems and prophecy. No one man wrote the Ezra cycle. A story character, and still more a prophetic figure, upon which the prophets hung their oratory and illustrations, just as we, when we want to reach the common heart, appeal to Washington or Lincoln, quote them, and hold them responsible for many things they never said or did.

Scholars believe it to have been originally written in Hebrew from Alexandria, this was lost, translated from that into Greek; also lost, and from that into Latin, which is extant, as are Syriac, Ethiopic, Arabic and Armenian versions. The Syriac language is related to the Hebrew. Aramaic was the current language, the literary language of Palestine about the beginning of the Christian era. Probably it has about the same relation to Hebrew as Latin has to Italian. The Syriac and Ethiopic languages are lost, now known as dead languages. It is believed to have been written well into the Christian era, 100 or 135 years after Jesus was born, when the Jew was having a sorry time of it, intended for his consolation and encouragement and for the relief of the author. The author wrote it under the same kind of inspiration that moved Robert Browning to write "Rabbi Ben Ezra," or "Saul." Browning knew well that no one would be foolish enough to believe that he was Rabbi Ben Ezra, that he was writing in the thirteenth century, or that he would be suspected of masking in the person of David when he wrote his "Saul." He knew perfectly well that his readers would understand that he had poured his own inspiration, his message and philosophy into a Davidic mould.

We have another exciting story of discovery. The seventh chapter, the last Vision, was not found until 1875, when a Cambridge librarian by the name of Bensly, mousing about the library at Amiens, France, found this missing fragment of a Latin translation. And in this last edition edited by Prof. Charles, it is printed in such a way that it is easy reading. The very title heads are instructive and there are many explanatory and learned notes. The general introduction is divided into subheads: A Short Account of the Book, Title of the Book, The Ancient Versions, The Lost Greek Version, The Original Hebrew Text, The Composite Character of the Text, The Sources of the Book, The Date of the Sources and of the Final Redaction, The Relation of IV Ezra to Baruch, The Theology and Eschatology of the Book, Relation of the Apocalypse with the New Testament, Bibliography, etc. All of which is exceedingly interesting.

In this series of visions are included the hot questions of those days, the same questions of which we catch glimpses in the New Testament, questions that appear dark and difficult and ominous, and by many treated as being brand new, handed down from God through the New Testament writers, charged with some authoritative and final meaning. Here we find the mysticism of the Apocrypha, some of the mists and dark theology of the Gospels and the obscure things in the Epistles of Peter and Jude and the book of Hebrews which is not Pauline. When you know this book and the Apocalypse of Baruch they will all come out as plain as can be. The people were disputing such questions as to whether Adam's fall in Eden meant physical or spiritual corruption. Orthodoxy, if it knew these books, would be confused and confounded in the effort to maintain the doctrine of the infallible revelation of God to man through the New Testament.

This literary gem falls into seven visions more or less complete, with fasts and prayers sandwiched in between.

The introductory words, "In the thirtieth year after the downfall of the city, fixes the first date as 100 A. D. As we all know the city fell in 70 A. D. This is followed by a stately putting of the questions, Whence arise the sin and misery of the world? How can Israel's continued affliction be reconciled with the Divine Justice? And the replies are Job like. Uriel says:

> Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?
> Then said I: Yes, my Lord.
> And he answered me and said: Three ways have I been sent to show thee, and three similitudes to set before thee; if thou canst declare me one of these I also will show the way thou desirest to see, and teach thee whence comes the evil heart.
> And I said, Speak on, my Lord.
> And he said unto me:
> Come weigh me with the weight of the fire;
> Or measure me the measure of the wind,
> Or recall me the day that is past.
> Then answered I and said: Who of the earth-born could do so that thou shouldst ask me about such matters?

The editor epitomizes the seven divisions of the vision as follows:

Introduction.
The seer's prayer and its answer.
The place of successive generations in the divine plan of the world.
The end of the age shall come by God alone.
The parting asunder of the times.
The signs of the last time and the coming of the end.
Conclusion of the vision.

The third vision forms a climax and is a more detailed account of the argument that if the world was created for Israel's sake why was Israel deprived of it. The problem of righteousness is discussed and the Day of Judgment described. This is fine poetry and drama. You can't make history of it any more than you can of Milton's "Paradise Lost," but it is intensely interesting literature.

Ezra's prayer is interrupted by The Vision of the Disconsolate Woman, which interpreted by Uriel is the picture of the building and destruction of Zion.

The most striking vision is the fifth, known as the Eagle Vision, in which Rome appears as an eagle, triumphant and splendid, with outspread pinions. A lion battles with the eagle and the eagle is devastated of its plumage. The lion is the Messiah to the Jew, promised eight hundred years before. To the Christian it is the Christ. Of the eagle it is said:

> Thou hast wielded power over the world with great terror, and over all the inhabited earth with grievous oppression; thou hast dwelt so long in the civilized world with fraud, and hast judged the earth, (but) not with faithfulness.

These might be the words of William Kent who is declaring against modern corruption.

The sixth vision, The Man from the Sea, is more mystical and harder to understand. The Man from the Sea is interpreted to be the Messiah; his enemies are the nations of the world; the graven rock is the heavenly Jerusalem, which comes down from heaven.

Then we come to the seventh vision, the vision rediscovered by Bensly at Amiens. The vision begins:

> So I took the five men as he had commanded me, and we went forth (into the field) and remained there. And it came to pass on the morrow that, lo, a voice called me, saying: Ezra, open thy mouth and drink what I give thee to drink!
>
> Then I opened my mouth, and lo! there was reached unto me a full cup, which was full as it were with water; but the color of it was like fire.
>
> And I took it and drank; and when I had drunk my heart poured forth understanding, wisdom grew in my breast, and my spirit retained its memory; and my mouth opened and was no more shut.
>
> And the Most High gave understanding unto the five men, and they wrote what was dictated in order, in characters which they knew.
>
> For in them is the spring of understanding, the fountain of wisdom and the stream of knowledge.

QUESTIONS.

(1) How many books do scholars ascribe to Ezra and where are they found?
(2) When was II Esdras thought to have been written?
(3) Give story of finding of lost seventh chapter.
(4) What subjects are treated in this book?
(5) Tell story of seventh vision.

THE POET.

What do we do when he is dead?
The sweetest prayers for him are said;
His forehead with fair flowers we grace;
Defying time's relentless tooth.

What do we do when he is dead?
The softest couch for him is spread;
He's left in some still room's embrace
To dream of Fame's eternal youth!

Shelbyville, Ind. ALONZO L. RICE.

THE STUDY TABLE

Bergson's Great Contribution to Religion

"After a long period of neglect and even disrepute, philosophy is beginning to regain the attention of the average man. It is time. We have unduly simplified our lives until they tend to consist almost exclusively of business and amusement. Multitudes have been trying the experiment of living without science and art and philosophy and even religion. The experiment was bound to fail for it meant the pauperization of life." With these words Dr. Dawson opens a lucid and delightful study of "Bergson and the Modern Spirit."*

Who is the thinker, he asks, that shall furnish to men of our age that philosophy of life that alone can deliver us from the present spiritual poverty? Some might say religion will do it. Yes, Dr. Dodson replies, but the vines of religion grow only on the trellis of philosophy. Every religion has its scheme of the universe. Popular Christianity is losing its hold on the world because its scheme is medieval and can no longer survive in the light of modern knowledge. Who shall build a modern trellis of philosophy on which religion my grow in the age to come? Dr. Dodson points to Bergson as one at least who blazes the way. He writes his volume that he may translate the technicalities of the French philosopher into popular terms and show Bergson's significance for the religion of the future.

Bergson has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the universe in its deepest reality is not physical but spiritual. He has with his superb reasoning ruled materialism out of court, yes, and even philosophy that verges on "mechanism." He demonstrates conclusively that mechanistic causation is utterly unable to account for evolution. It can show why things should revolve in a circle or run down hill, but never can it give a reason why they should climb. Matter and physical energy according to every law of physics descend and dissipate themselves as they fall. Spirit only can evolve and blossom into our present humanity. This spiritual impulse that pushes its way through evolving matter as an underground stream seeking the sunlight of human consciousness Bergson calls the "Life Force." "His vision is that of a great life flowing through time. This life current is the fundamental reality, the material universe being the ebb of this great flow."

Bergson's conception of the Life Force will, however, have to be re-cut and re-sown before it will fit the needs of religion. Dr. Dodson points out with great clearness that the life-stream in "Creative Evolution" is more physical than spiritual. It wanders rather blindly, determined by the "initial impulse" rather than its ideal destination. If it is spiritual it must be akin to consciousness, and the very essence of consciousness in action according to a purpose. Without a conscious end present in the World Life the steady rise of evolution is inexplicable.

Our space is too limited to do more than mention some of the contributions to religious thought which Dr. Dodson finds in Bergson, i. e., the reality of time, the new conception of duration, the new explanation of the divergent streams in evolution. There is, how-

* Published by the American Unitarian Association, 1913.

ever, one great idea which we believe deserves an extended discussion. Dr. Dodson makes it the climax of his book the crowning word of his beautiful last chapter. Perhaps it is the only thing for which Bergson will be known in future generations. We refer to his distinction between intellect and intuition. Like a golden thread this idea runs through his discussion of "Creative Evolution." Intellect, Bergson declares, is only one of the expressions of life, cast up like a pebble on the beach as the life current sweeps onward. It was evolved to deal with inert matter. In that realm it has done us great service, built magnificent physical sciences, invented machines that astonish the world. It has gone further and explored a few of the margins of Spiritual Reality, but in this super-physical realm it scarcely "pierces the darkness of the night" of agnosticism. Like a candle it serves well enough to illumine the cavern of material existence, but it is powerless to penetrate the heights and depths of the spirit. It is at home with matter and mathematics, but possessed of an inherent "inability to comprehend life." For knowledge of life we turn to another faculty, that sublimated form of instinct which our "intellectual humanity" has almost forgotten called intuition. But in every great emergency of life, as when our liberty, our personality, our place in nature, our destiny are at stake it flashes up and points the way of truth. And there is no other answer to these ultimate questions of philosophy and religion but the voice of intuition. All philosophy can do is to gather together the intuitions of men and put them into a system.

The future of humanity, therefore, declares Bergson, depends upon the development of this neglected faculty. A few poets, artists and the like possess it. A dramatist like Shakespeare, Dr. Dodson points out, can enter the lives of other men and know them from the inside by intuitive sympathy. A poet like Wordsworth can penetrate into the stream of this inward life until

> "With an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> (He sees) into the life of things."

In such poets and artists, Bergson declares, the veil between their ordinary consciousness and the life of Reality within them is "thin, almost transparent." In most of us it is "dense and opaque." If we could rend the veil "our soul would continually vibrate in perfect accord with nature—deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our life's unbroken melody." Here Bergson stops. But Dr. Dodson asks why does he not go a step further, to "those masters of intuitive methods, the prophets of the race." They are the supreme influence in the "divine school—'the appeal of character without to character within'." By them is "the higher life of humanity, all that in us which makes us admirable and dear to one another—awakened, stimulated, inspired and sustained." Their insight is so profound and sure that they can cry "in describing what they have seen," "Thus sayeth the Lord." For they understand that "to speak the truth is not merely to utter a private opinion but to say what the universe is saying."

May we not carry Dr. Dodson's argument yet further? In the prophet's mind the veil between his human consciousness and the light of Reality is so often transparent because his heart is pure. Jesus long ago stated this law of spiritual intuition. "Unless ye are born from above ye cannot even see the Kingdom of God." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Or, he that loseth his self in the service of the Kingdom of God beholds rising within him a life so divine that all he needs do is know himself and he knows his Lord. That is the reason modern prophets like Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha when they lost their lives in the service of the universal Kingdom rent the veil and saw in a few intuitive flashes all the great truths which we count the glory of Bergson and Eucken. Furthermore, Abdul Baha, because he is both philosopher and prophet, has related these intuitions to natural science and metaphysics, sociology, education and statecraft in a system so comprehensive that it takes, perhaps, months of study to compass it, yet stated so simply that any one can comprehend it.

We may not care to subordinate the intellect as completely as does Bergson. It surely has a higher place in the attainment of spiritual knowledge than that to which he assigns it. But we greet with joy a philosopher who does thus exalt intuition. And if Bergson could point to the prophets as the greatest masters of this spiritual seeing he would do much to open the door for the coming of the great religious revival which is surely on the way and for which the present age is praying. A. R. VAIL.

IF!

Suppose 'twere done!
The lanyard pulled on every shotted gun;
Into the wheeling death-clutch sent
Each millioned armament,
To grapple there
On land, on sea and under, and in air!
Suppose at last 'twere come—
Now, while each bourse and shop and mill is dumb
And arsenals and dockyards hum, —
Now all complete, supreme,
That vast, Satanic dream!—

Each field were trampled, soaked,
Each stream dyed, choked,
Each leaguered city and blockaded port
Made famine's sport;
The empty wave
Made reeling dreadnaught's grave;
Cathedral, castle, gallery, smoking fell
'Neath bomb and shell;
In deathlike trance
Lay industry, finance;
Two thousand years'
Bequest, achievement, saving, disappears
In blood and tears,
In widowed woe
That slum and palace equal know,
In civilization's suicide,—
What served thereby, what satisfied?
For justice, freedom, right, what wrought?
Naught!

Save, after the great cataclysm, perhap
On the world's shaken map
New lines, more near or far,
Binding to king or czar
In festering hate
Some newly vassaled state;
And passion, lust and pride made satiate;
And just a trace
Of lingering smile on Satan's face!

Boston News Bureau. —*Bartholomew F. Griffen.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The Great Sword Bearer only knows
Just when he'll wound my heart,—not I;
But since He is the one who gives the balm,
What does it signify?

MON.—Desire's floodgates are always barred
And open at no call or knock;
Age knows the only key is Pain, but
Youth still thinks to force the lock.

TUES.—Whether my days are cooled with calm or filled with fever's ardent taint,
I have the same blue sky as God, I have the same God as the saint.

WED.—The sieve-like cup of earthly joy still foams for me with many a bead,
But I have found another wine called Charity—without—a—Creed.

THURS.—If my control should lose its hold on Fortune's collar through some hurt,
What then?—Why then I'd simply cling to old gray Resignation's skirt.

FRI.—Of all the languages of earth in which the human kind confer
The master speaker is the tear; it is the Great Interpreter.

SAT.—Man's life is like a tide that weaves the sea within its daily web,
It rises, surges, swells and grows,—a pause—then comes the evening ebb.

—Ridgely Torrence.

A HOMESICK BOY.

Homesick ain't like th' other sicks
You get an' hafto go to bed
An' drink th' stuff th' drug stores mix,
Or have things tied aroun' your head,
An' when your ma she wash your face
An' use the silver bresh an' comb
To comb you, an' she fill a vase
With flowers, 'cause you're sick at home.

Homesick ain't med'cine sick at all;
It ain't a sick like stummick ache
'At makes you double up an' bawl
An' say you didn't eat th' cake,
Until your conscience it aches, too.
Nen you con-fess, an' your ma smiles
An' say she got a joke on you
Because she knew it all th' while.

Homesick ain't when they see your tongue
Or feel your pulse or your ears buzz,
Or doctor listens at your lung—
But, O, how much you wisht it wuz!
Homesick is when you go away
A-visitin' all by yourself,
An' miss the clock 't ought to stay
A-ticking on the mantel shelf.

But you don't miss it till it's night
An' time to go to bed, an' nen
You think if it would be po-lite
You'd like to go back home again.
An' when you don't know just what it is
You want, but wisht you had it, though;
An' grandpa sez 'at it is his
Up-pinion 'at you'd like to go.

An' folks tell stories to you, too,
An' try their best to make you langh.
Th' wind cries in th' chimbly flue,
An' in th' barnyard is a calf
'At bawls an' bawls—an' worst part yet
Is all th' time how well you know
No matter how homesick you get
An' want to go home, you can't go.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine.

Pronouncing English

The proper pronunciation of English surnames and place names—that is, their pronunciation as observed among the English themselves—is not infrequently a matter of some perlexity to unaccustomed Americans. A writer in the New York *Sun* describes the difficulties that an American tourist experienced in his endeavor to get the information he wanted.

After arriving in London, things went smoothly until the American one day desired to go on a little outing. He looked up a town, the name of which was Pontefract Common. He asked the booking clerk for a ticket to the place, pronouncing it as it is spelled. The eyes of the ticket seller looked perfectly blank.

"No such place, sir," he said.

"Surely," the American protested, "there it is," and fumbling for his precious map, he laid a triumphant finger on the name.

"Oh, Pomfret!" said the clerk, with a pitying smile.

"That's it—Pomfret," the American said, bravely, and he pocketed his change.

At the station at "Pomfret" a quaint old omnibus stood waiting, with a sign on the side announcing that it conveyed passengers to the St. Leger Inn or Wrensfordsley Hall for sixpence. The American approached the sleepy-looking driver and asked him which was the smaller house—the St. Leger or the Wrensfordsley?

Again that blank, dazed look that the American had now learned to connect with his bad pronunciation. He looked at the names again. How could he twist his tongue round to make them different?

"See here, my good man," he said, "how do you pronounce this name?" pointing to St. Leger.

"Why, Sillenger, sir."

"Oh!" said the American. "And how do you pronounce this?" pointing to Wrensfordsley.

"Rensley," sir.

"Well, drive me to Rensley Hall, then." And the American got in, made some notes in his little red book, and laughed softly all to himself.

Youths' Companion.

A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

—Bliss Carman.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NEUTRALITY IN THE HUMANITIES

Rev. C. W. Wendte, having been solicited to contribute to and participate in a meeting to create a fund for the widows and orphans of German soldiers, victims of the present war, replied:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend a meeting in behalf of the widows and orphans of German soldiers who have perished in the war. The motive which animates you is certainly a noble one, and I can well understand your feeling in this matter, born Germans as you are.

For myself, my mother and father were Germans and I am very proud of my relationship with that great and noble people. I have just received a letter from one of my relatives in Hanover which informs me that twenty-one members of my father's family, ranging from seventeen to forty-eight years of age, are now under arms, most of them fighting in France and Belgium. A splendid lot of men, mostly young, full of patriotic devotion, their death would be a calamity not only to the homes from which they came but to the cause of civilization and the promotion of culture, good will and human progress. Under the circumstances I feel it my duty to give what little I can to my relatives who may be placed in straightened circumstances by the present war, rather than to contribute to a general fund for this purpose.

There is another reason. After all, I am an American and not a German citizen, and the policy of our Government is neutrality. If I contribute toward the cause you plead, it must be through the Red Cross, which makes no distinction of nationality but helps German, French, British, Austrian, all alike. Death makes all things equal and sorrow is of no nationality. I think this will be the wisest and best way for me to act, and perhaps, in thinking it over, you will agree with me.

Appreciating your noble purpose, and trusting that this terrible war may soon end, and bring no humiliation either to our beloved Germany or to any other of the great nations involved, but rather will liberate them for new and higher endeavors for the cultivation of literature, science, art, the humanities, and human brotherhood in the bonds of universal peace, I remain,

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

BUY GUNS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The following letter is based upon a clipping from the *Novelty News,* which tells of an Atlanta Sunday School having ordered five hundred toy guns with copy reading: "The North Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School will teach you how to aim right." On one thousand Santa Claus crackers appears this: "Make a big noise for the North Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School." We have full sympathy with our correspondent. Not until parents and religious teachers cease appealing to and exploiting the brutal subsoil in children which masks under the guise of the heroic and militant, can we hope for a peace that is profound and permanent.

Chicago, Ill., September 10, 1914.

Editors UNITY:

Few Sunday Schools are showing their colors as plainly as the two southern ones mentioned in the enclosed news item, but where is the difference at heart between this display practice and the undercurrent of hundreds of other schools? And how are we to expect any lasting benefits from a Peace Prayer Sunday in the churches when their recruiting schools still glory in the warlike measures?

ALBERT SCHEIBLE.

THE TWO GERMANYS AND THE WAR.

What intensifies the difficulty of the German-American is that there are two Germanys. One is that of the Kaiser and of the military autocracy, those who believe in the divine right of rulers, in the mailed fist, in government by aristocracy, in might as against right, and have taught the doctrine that peace can only be assured if all the nations be armed to the teeth. Its adherents are those who see in the *Waffenrock* another hat of Gessler, before which the public must bow. They uphold the officers who cut down lame cobblers or run through civilians at some fancied insult, and applaud those wearers of the uniform who resort to the duel, long since outlawed by the enlightened sentiment of the world. These are the Germans who entrench in power the ennobled and enriched classes; who are without trust in the people and are utterly opposed to any extension of democracy, relying for aid upon a subservient bureaucracy; who support the Prussian Government in its refusal to remove the inequalities among voters within its electorate,—against which 100,000 Prussians protested last year on a single day.

Incidentally they are of the type that gives so much offense to the rest of the world. They are arrogant and supercilious and frankly without faith in anything save the power of the sword. It is they who have dictated the foreign policy which has made friends of practically nobody. It is they who under Bismarck's leadership originally entered in 1882 the game of taking the lands of backward races, in which all their neighbors and we ourselves have indulged. It is they who give the utterly false impression that all Germany has been bent on conquering where it could. It is they who make a large part of the world forget that the Germans are among the most lovable, useful and enlightened of people; that they are bound to us by ties that ought to be indissoluble. Have they not enriched our blood? Did they not come to us by the hundred thousand, fleeing from home because of a noble idealism which they transferred to our country, pledging their faith with their blood upon our battlefields of civil strife, but always on the side of the Union and human liberty? Surely no German-American who really believes in republican institutions, in popular government, in the ideals of Washington and Lincoln, can uphold this Germany.

But there is another Germany besides this one of the autocrats,—totally different, infinitely nobler. It is the Germany of the great souls who have really made the spirit of the nation, its thinkers, its teachers, its scientists, its civic administrators, its poets, its glorious musicians, its philosophers, its idealists, its patriots of the wars for freedom and of the lost struggle for liberty in 1848.

To this Germany thousands of Americans owe a debt of never-ending gratitude. From it hosts of our teachers, our professional men without number, and others in every rank of life have drawn their most cherished inspirations. To it we owe in considerable measure our university development; from it came in large degree the impetus towards good civic government which has been one of the glories of our American progress in the last two decades. From this Germany Lloyd-George has plagiarized those plans for the improvement of the welfare of the masses which have made him at once the best-beloved and best-hated man in Great Britain.

In the civic care of its own this Germany has led the world, with all to do

it reverence. It has known best how to build the city beautiful and made good and progressive government the birthright of all its urban dwellers. In no other nation has science in the same degree become the partner of commerce and of industry. Nowhere else has there been a keener, if as keen, an intellectual freedom among those whose lives are dedicated to the pursuit of truth, or to the instruction of the young. Nowhere has there been a greater reverence for the aristocracy of intellect or as generous a recognition of its achievements. To sit at the feet of its inspired teachers, men and women have come from all quarters of the globe knowing that in a hundred fields this Germany led the world.

And it is this Germany which today lies prostrate before us. It is this Germany which is being slaughtered, whatever the reasons or the excuse for the war. On behalf of this Germany any really enlightened ruler must have stood for peace against the world, no matter who might be mobilizing or where. To the support of this kingdom the whole intellectual world would have risen,—it did in England,—had the Kaiser but cried out its need and asked for allies to defend and not to break the peace. For it anyone who realized its moral grandeur and worth ought to have been willing to have abdicated rather than to plunge it into the abyss, the hell of war.

But there it lies to be ravaged by its defenders and its enemies at will. For it there can be no victory, whoever wins. —*From "The Two Germanys," by Oswald Garrison Villard, in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

PROHIBITION WORK IN SCANDINAVIA

The Scandinavian countries led the way in prohibitory legislation. Iceland passed its general prohibition law in 1909. The manufacturing and import have now ceased and all sale will end next year. The government commission appointed in Denmark in 1903 went over the entire subject of licensing laws. They made many recommendations, and a government bill embodying these was introduced in the lower house of Parliament in 1908, but failed to pass. It was introduced each year following until 1910, when it was finally adopted, although then failing in the upper house. Popular sentiment in Denmark against the sale of liquor, however, is growing and at the elections for the Danish lower house, held in May, 1913, 80 of the 114 members elected had pledged themselves to support a national plebescite on the question of prohibition. The Faroe Islands and the vast continental island of Greenland, both Danish possessions, are under prohibitory laws.

Sweden, as is well known, has been under the Gothenburg system since 1865. Legislation modifying this system in the interest of decreased consumption of liquor has been passed from time to time. During the autumn of 1912 the canteen was officially abolished in the Swedish army. In 1913 it was enacted that, beginning with the present year, liquor revenue should be used only for state purposes, and not, as heretofore, for local councils and agricultural societies.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds
3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014
R. FRANZ
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season
732-734 East 39th St. Chicago

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER
is the only weekly paper published by the liberal branch of the Religious Society of Friends. The regular subscription price is $2.00 a year.
The proceedings of the Biennial Conference comprising the seven Yearly Meetings of this branch of Friends, recently held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will be issued as a supplement to the Intelligencer. The ten numbers containing this supplement (12 extra pages) will be sent to any address for 30 cents.
SAMPLE COPIES OF FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER FREE.
Address Friends' Intelligencer Association
140 North 15th Street, Philadelphia

DREXEL STATE BANK
Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00
A bank for the residents of this Section. More convenient than down-town—just as secure.

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

RAISE PIGEONS

They Pay Dollars while Chickens Pay Cents

The young, 20 to 25 days old, sell for 40 to 60 cents each (according to the season). The city markets are always clamoring for them.

Each pair of Pigeons will raise 18 to 22 young a year

They will clear you, above all expenses, $5.00 a year per pair. They breed the entire year. Twenty minutes daily will care for 100 pairs.

Always penned up out of the way Very small space required

All this is fully explained in this month's issue of our Journal; send for it; price 10 cents.

Reliable Squab Journal • Versailles, Mo.

Training School for the Liberal Ministry

including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Head Workers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship including,

Two Summer Sessions at Chicago University.

Traveling fellowship yielding $810.

Apply to
F. C. SOUTHWORTH, President
Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White

AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

24 West Lake Street **GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager**

Schumann & Co.

CLEANERS OF

Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone, Drexel 231
All departments

ATTENTION!

Sunday School Workers, Superintendents, Pastors

Have the FREE supplies for the observance of World's Temperance Sunday, November 8 (in most states November 1—in Ohio September 20), been ordered for your Sunday school? Make sure by cutting out and handing to your Sunday school superintendent the blank below. Millions of pieces of literature must be printed and all orders must be sent to us early, if they are to be filled. **Last year over a thousand schools** sent in their orders for supplies too late to be filled before the day. Every school should have its supplies three weeks before its Temperance day in order to properly prepare the program.

PLEASE SEE THAT THE REQUEST FOR YOUR SCHOOL IS SENT IN TODAY.